

LOVE
ERECTS
ITS
OWN
VICTORY

RESTORATION

VOL. XIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—SEPTEMBER, 1960

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, dear Trinity of all perfections: Walking hand in hand with You, like a child with his father, I sang my song of the woods' siesta. It had no words. Songs written by the heart are always silent. But You heard and understood. And You blessed me. The heart never had a tongue. If it ever learns to speak it will merely stammer or stutter. And it will repeat, forever, the only word it can learn. That word is Love, or God.

Now I must put words to the song. For Your friends. For Your enemies. For those who do not know You. Much will be lost in the translation from heart to hand—for it is only with my hands I sing. But if You help me, Lord; and if You sing the song for me, the world will know how much You love. And nothing will be lost.

Maniac Music Wind

It was a sultry day; yet it was cool in the forenoon, for there was a rowdy breeze. I noticed it as we approached the bevy of young poplars. It was having fun. It had roused the grove into gales of leafy laughter that was so like the music of the brook that I mistook it for the brook—and wondered that the stream would sing so loudly on such a rainless day.

It was amusing to watch the hoodlum wind making the hoody poplars believe he was a music master. He shook his long thin hair as he directed them. He waved his almost invisible baton like a mad chef mixing a tremendous salad. He shook his incredibly thin arms. He danced. He capered. He turned somersaults. He spun himself in a hundred pinwheels.

The lordly firs and the dowager elms he annoyed, clownishly rudely massaging them until they groaned and protested loudly. He yanked at the cones in the pinnacles of the pines, as young boys sometimes yank at the pig-tails of freckled little girls; and he jostled their top branches with his elbows, shrieking with laughter every time he said, "Excuse me."

He flattered and fluttered the fiddle-head ferns and the grasses and weeds and shrubs in the rag-

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ged fields. I don't know what nonsense he whispered, but they bowed prettily to him. He did a wild adagio dance with the dust; he rippled the water of the stream; and he teased the shadows playing on the road by throwing fistfuls of light beams at them through the laughing leaves. But gradually he tired of his sport, lost his energy, his zest, his will. He yawned, he stretched. He curled up in a bed of poplar leaves and went to sleep.

Behold The Sun!

I knew then it was the woods' siesta time. The sky was cloudless, colorless, a clear wide window looking into heaven; and it was filled with the unbearable splendor of the sun. It was high noon.

The tall trees and the big rocks drew their shadows to them as the sun approached the hour. These tough children of light had been playing on the road all morning, fighting the wind, fighting the intruding shadows of motor cars and dogs and men and women, and of children on their way to school. They are brats, these shadows, even though born of the sun. They were only too glad to obey their mothers, to stand close to their sheltering skirts, for they hate and fear their awesome and brilliant father. They cannot bear his presence.

Little stones and pebbles on the road licked themselves clean, and showed their good spots to the all-seeing eye of day. Some glinted, making one think of ragged soldiers with medals on their skinny chests. When the shining eye was no longer on them, the dull stones would go back to sleep, to drabness.

The ferns shook themselves free of some of the dust, as their Lord passed over them. They preened themselves, even while bending low in that phony gesture of deep humility and profound respect they had learned so many thousands of years ago. The poplars, unwontedly still and silent, had hoped to turn themselves into spangled and sequinned dancing girls, for the delight of the inspecting sultan. But the lazy wind wouldn't wake and help them. All they could show the monarch was the beauty of their green-satin leaves—and the lovely stains left on some by the lip-sticked mouth of Autumn. (Lord, why was Autumn here this Summer day?)

Siesta in the Woods

The poplars tried desperately to rouse the wind, but he merely turned restlessly in his dreams; and the harem scene was a pitiful comic failure. The pines threw their choicest cones in the path of their beloved, as Spanish windows sometimes shower roses on a serenading swain. The road was filled with these exquisitely hand-carved seed cases of Yours, each entirely different from all the others, all as perfect as Your Spanish roses. The oaks and the elms and the maples cursed, as great ladies do. The shrubs bowed stiffly, awkwardly. A beautiful slender birch tossed kisses upward. Only the brook kept working at the tasks You gave it, Lord. It flashed a long bright smile at the sun, but it did not slacken its pace, nor did it alter its song of praise.

The trees and the rocks went to sleep, the poplars snoring. And, as soon as the sun had turned his back, his children, the impish shadows, sneaked around their mothers to play, and to fight with other shadows, on the road.

Only the stream stayed awake. A stream goes stagnant when it stops or sleeps. It dies of boredom, inaction, and green scum. But even as it hurries through the land, the sun absorbs it, lifts it, holds it, fosters it—to let it down, eventually, as cool refreshing rain.

Of all the creatures in the woods only the ever-working ever-singing brook knows no siesta; of all the creatures in the woods, only the brook is invited to heaven by its lord, the sun!

A Weary Old Crow

A shabby, weary, bleary crow, and a nasty little red squirrel, broke the enchanted spell. The bird, roosting high on an old white pine, leered and sneered at me. The squirrel jittered and jibbed at me, his lord, the sun!

(Continued on Page 4)

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

Our Lady of Combermere stands among the pines along the highway. She stands immobilized by bronze and concrete, but her whole attitude is one of movement, of hurry, and of search. The power of love, of God's love, of her own love, brings her to earth and to us. Peace and love flow in mighty streams from her presence ever since that gentle day when her statue was blessed by her beloved Son, our Bishop.

During the past weeks hundreds have come to visit her; many to spend a few moments within the tender circle of her radiance, some to enjoy her peace for hours and others to let themselves be impregnated for days on end by her strong tenderness.

To Love—To Be Loved

A familiar scene during this blessed summer has been the custom of whole families, father, mother, and children consecrating themselves to the love of Christ through her. Old people come. They leave to face declining years with a new warmth in their hearts and a new joyful hope. One very confused man, living in a private hell, was lifted, at her feet, out of his unbearable solitude. And he believed, at long last, in the possibility of being loved, of loving. This is the cry we hear in Combermere: Who will transcend my solitude? Can I be loved? Can I love?

This cry comes from the very depths of the human condition. This is man. This is human nature moaning for paradise lost, for communication with one—at least one—other human being. This is man bemoaning the sin, the pride and disobedience that created solitude; and hopelessly seeking for companionship, for a meeting, for love.

Many solitudes are less solitary, this Autumn, because they looked upon the face of Mary a few weeks ago; because they have seen her outstretched, embracing arms; because they have let her love penetrate their solitude and begin to fill it. Men are less lonely since their meeting with Our Lady of Combermere.

Calling All Priests

But the high characteristic of summer 1960 at Madonna House has been the number, and noble quality, of the priests whom Our Lady brought here.

All priests have noble quality, for they shine with ordination's grace. All priests are special. All priests are invested with the dignity and power of Christ. The staff here know that any priest's presence constitutes a special blessing from the Lord. Yet not all have received the same graces for the growth of Christ's Church, nor do they occupy the same positions in His Body.

Every priest holds the key to many souls, but some have been entrusted with the key to priestly souls. Such is the characteristic of last summer's priests. They have been given grace to help other priests. They came here to enjoy Our Lady's presence, and to learn from her the tenderness, the strong love of Christ, that they might pass it on to their fellow priests.

They came from varied seemingly unrelated places—yet nothing is unrelated in the Body of Christ—from Brazil and other parts of Latin America, from the United States, from Canada, from India.

Seeking Answers

They came from many countries, from different apostolic works, from different Orders and Congregations, but moved by the same search, the same ideal, the same questions. How shall the Church grow in this twentieth century? What is the most efficacious apostolic instrument today? What techniques will best serve the growth of the Christ's Mystical Body?

Monsignor Gerard Cambron, a priest of the Sherbrooke Archdiocese, who has been a missionary in Brazil, a zealous and scholarly priest, gave us the answers

which he himself had reached while laboring in the mission fields. These answers summarized quite well the spirit of Madonna House and it was quite a thrill for the staff to realize that they possessed high here, in this humble house, the essence of mission pastoral theology. For Monsignor said that his greatest successes had been accomplished through the establishment of small communities of Christians who began to love one another. Their love for one another in Christ attracted their neighbors and gradually assimilated them into the community.

Another priest told us that people were a little tired of hearing about charity, that they wanted to see it in action. He told the staff that their love for one another in Christ had produced a lasting impression upon him, that he would go back to his ministry with a greater dedication, a greater love.

Love One Another

We do not believe in the power of love until we see it. We have been told that the first Christians converted a pagan world by the power of their love for one another. Many times have we heard that the beloved apostle, St. John, kept repeating to his disciples, "Love one another, for it is the commandment of the Lord." We have read the words of Christ: "That all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us. THAT THE WORLD MAY BELIEVE THAT THOU HAST SENT ME."

And yet we doubt, we seek for other means, other solutions, other techniques. We consider love a poor instrument, ineffectual in the face of a highly complex, cultured, intellectual society. We need to see people who love one another in Christ, and when we see them, (like St. Thomas) we believe.

Our Lady of Combermere has shown the face of love, through her little children, who try each day to love one another. And great men have left her presence lighter, their souls renewed, their hearts lighter, their hands stronger.



Thanks

By John D. Engle Jr.

Thank YOU for the availability of YOU. When Pettiness descends upon The wings of boredom and I cannot see Through the threatening clouds of pro and con, I flick the switch of faith, and there YOU are! There is no pettiness, no boredom now. The night is peaceful with YOU as my star. And as my sun by day. YOU show me how To walk in brightness; show me how the parts Are gathered up by YOU to form one whole, How one heart emerges from a myriad hearts, How from a myriad souls evolves one soul. Thank YOU for opening my blinded eyes And showing me my inward paradise.

HATRED
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of Sarah who cast out Ishmael. God spoke to the mother of Ishmael, Agar, when she was cast out by Sarah, saying: "Return to thy mistress". It is the mission of the Melkites in the world to help all the descendants of Ishmael find the fullness of their spiritual inheritance in Him Who said of Abraham: "Before Abraham came to be, I am".

Then, too, the Melkite Catholics are related to the Orthodox Catholics of the Arab world. May you not look upon the Orthodox that have separated from the traditions of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem as prodigals feeding the swine. Few of the Orthodox are formal schismatics. Their priests are priests as much as we are bishops; their bishops are bishops as much as we are bishops; they consecrate as much as we consecrate; some of them are far more saintly than some of us.

Charity Binds Us

And, though separated presently from us by the common tie of a common spiritual father on earth, nevertheless, we meet together with them in full force wherever bread is broken and the cup is blessed. Does not St. Paul say that all who eat one bread are one body? Is there not, therefore, already a profound unity with them, that is far greater than that which exists with others who sit in our rooms and who hear our voices and who believe not in the Eucharist? If we call them our "separated brethren", let it not be because we are separated from them by charity.

The Orthodox know every detail of the Melkite ceremony better than those of the Latin Rite know it. May they realize we do not want them to Latinize their genius, but we wish to unify their divisions in the fulfillment of the prayer of Our Lord that there be one fold and one shepherd. May God preserve us from every transgression which would separate them further from us. May God hasten the day when the Orthodox, who have the Eucharist, may remember that when Our Lord wished to know who were faithful to Him, He turned to Peter, asking, "Will you also go away?" It was Peter, the first pontiff, then as now who keeps us all in the unity of the faith saying: "Lord, to whom shall we go; Thou alone hast the words of Eternal Life".

1,800,000,000 Pagans

There are one billion, eight hundred million pagans in the world, most of whom are in the East. One wonders if it would not be well to make a more universal use of the Byzantine Rite in the Eastern world, particularly in Asia; and of the Ethiopian Rite in Africa. The more dramatic character of the Eastern Rite, the intimate cooperation of the faithful in the Divine Mysteries, the beautiful combination of sacredness and familiarity, the use of the vernacular in the mass, make it eminently suited to the psychology and the religious aspirations of the people of the East.

The Byzantine Liturgy has always been celebrated in the language of the people and is today using seventeen different languages, including Japanese, English, Eskimo and many others. Our Latin Rite is what might be called to some extent "aristocratic", inasmuch as it seems to Eastern people as being the function only of the priest. The Eastern Rite is highly congregational, uniting priest and people, and, therefore, is suited to the tremulous adoration of the Incomprehensible, which is the basis of all the natural religions of the East.

We are not going to meet in heaven unless we meet one another in prayer, holiness, and charity here on earth. Spokes get nearer the hub, the closer they get to one another; so, the closer we get to Christ in His Mystical Body, the closer we are with one another.

"AT ALL TIMES AS THE STORY OF A SOUL IS UNFOLDING THE SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR BEHOLDS ALL WITH GRAVE HUMILITY AND WORSHIPFUL SILENCE CHALICED IN PRAYER."

The Melkite Rite

By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

We who live in the western world are apt to think of the Church solely in terms of the Latin Rite, forgetful that, as the Bride of Christ, she has in her liturgical wardrobe many robes of varied colors. As the sun is so rich in beauty that it takes a prism to reveal its seven shadings of color; as the orchestra is made up of many instruments, all conspiring to melody; as the diamond has many facets to catch the light from any angle; so the redemptive merits of Christ are so rich that it takes twelve different Rites to unfold the beauties of its mystery, as it took twelve apostles to carry the Gospel to the world.

The Blessed Mother, in the course of centuries, revealed herself in different robes and spoke a different language to different nations. She was Spanish to the Spaniards; Mexican at Guadalupe; French at Lourdes; Portuguese at Fatima. So the church changes her robes, her songs, her rites and her gestures to suit the psychology and the nature of the different peoples of the world.

The Vernacular

When the church became visible at Pentecost, the Eucharist was first celebrated in the language of Our Lord and the Apostles; namely, Aramaic. But when Peter went to Rome where the language was Greek, and only later Latin, the liturgy of the church was celebrated in those languages. The first Apostles' Creed was written in Greek. But in the East, the liturgy was offered in other languages of the peoples; such as, Syrian, Armenian, and Coptic. As the languages differed, so the manner of offering the Sacred Mysteries differed from place to place according to the nature and the psychology of the human community in which it found expression. The Melkite Rite belongs to the Byzantine family, which had its rise principally in the two great Syrian centers of Antioch and Jerusalem.

A beautiful example of the importance of the Melkite Church in our midst is how it ties up the Fourth Ecumenical Council of the Church; namely, Chalcedon, with the forthcoming twenty-first Ecumenical Council summoned by John XXIII. The Council of Chalcedon, held in 451, surpassed all previous councils in importance. It dealt with the heresy of Eutyches who practically denied the human nature of Our Lord and thereby His oneness with humanity which He redeemed.

Some of the faithful of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria refused to accept the decision of Chalcedon that in Christ there was a Divine Nature and a human nature in the unity of the Person of God. Those who remained loyal to the Church and adhered to the faith of Chalcedon were ridiculed as Melkites because that was also the faith of the Melek, or King.

Shift of Power

The great crisis of our age is the shift of power, political, economic, and military, from the West to the East. The East, including Africa, is like a great giant aroused from the sleep of centuries. The stirring of its limbs and the flexing of its muscles is making the western world realize that the western world was strong not because it was white but because it was Christian. As it loses its Christianity, it loses its superiority.

The Melkites in the present situation have a mission to the East and particularly to the Arab world, and the Orthodox in the Arab world. There are between 50 and 60 million Arabs in the world, many of whom are stumbling their way in the dark, awaiting someone who speaks their tongue but who has the mind of Christ. These great people, who claim to be descendants from Ishmael though they have not the fullness of faith, are nevertheless half-brothers of Isaac who has received the full inheritance of Abraham in the faith.

Our attitude must not be that

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. XIII

No. 9

EDDIE DOHERTY ————— Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DODHERTY ————— Managing Editor
REV. J. T. CALLAHAN ————— Supervising Editor
JOSEPHINE HALFMAN ————— Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Apostolate, Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association



WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

News from missionary lands is frightening. It seems as if everywhere the work of God—and the work of countless men and women dedicated to God . . . was being smashed . . . with the giant hand . . . and more and more of the immense territory of souls is entering into the darkness of a strange black fog or mist . . . whose roots come up from hell . . .

This is a time of searching of our hearts . . . of examining our Catholic consciences . . . unto their very depths . . .

Why such failures? Did the missionaries fail in devotion and love . . . in self-sacrifice? The answer is a resounding NO . . . to anyone who has followed the whole situation closely.

They made some human mistakes . . . here and there . . . some conservative western approaches . . . to lands and peoples who could not understand the west, and who did not love it, because it did not come in brotherhood but as conquerors, and perhaps exploiters.

But the missionaries—though westerners at first—did not come as conquerors. They came as lovers and servants. Lovers of God and of men. Dreamers of His mightiest dreams. Servants of all with whom they came in contact.

Their witness—the blood of missionary-martyrs . . . that flowed freely through the decades long past in Africa, Asia, Far East and Near East—the whole missionary world everywhere.

But did they get the support they needed, from us who remained behind in our comfortable western countries, or on the wealthy North American Continent beyond the seas?

Oh yes indeed! If one were to count the pennies of good people given to the missions throughout the years, the sum collected would be immense. But, compared with the needs, it was a drop in the sea, and scarcely that.

Each missionary can testify to the truth of this—can, and could. If we had supported them, the commandos of God, as we should have, there would have been a different story to tell. There were not enough missionaries. Why? Were some vocations strangled by fearful parents or friends? Certainly many young men who might have brought Christ deep into the hearts of people—of entire nations—were diverted from their God-intended work by those who feared for their safety, or who did not wish them to know discomfort, tropic heat, scanty fare, or any sort of hardships.

In U.S.A. both political parties are pledged and committed via their platforms to help the underdeveloped countries. What about us Catholics. When shall we wake up and understand that CHARITY IS NOT MERELY ALMSGIVING OF OUR SURPLUS, BUT ALMSGIVING THAT BITES EVEN INTO OUR NECESSITIES?

When shall we understand that even that is not enough—and we must give of ourselves . . . of our understanding of what is at stake . . . the soul of man? We must give of our prayers. We must foster vocations, priestly, religious, and lay apostolic vocations, to the missions, within the bosom of our families.

South America is clamoring for missionaries. So is the rest of the world. Our youth hungers for God, for sacrifice. We are rich.

Are we going to allow the black mist, whose roots are in hell, to swallow up the rest of the world, while we go about our business of having a good time, though the rest of the world is in travail, in pain, and in hunger?

This is the acceptable time to examine our conscience and to be counted. . . for if the black mist covers the rest of the world, it will swallow us up too.

In Sinu Mariae

By Carmel Bride

I turned the key of lowliness
And passed beyond the narrow
gate
Which leads to life—the Marian
life,
And entered into holiness.

This shrine which tabernacled
God
I found the home of littleness,
Then I, become a child again,
Knew I the last of steps had trod.

A babe that wandered in the
As I am thine, so thou art mine
night,

Come home to where the Sun has
dwelt,
Soul, rebaptized in bridal grace
And radiant with faith's dark
light.

All-secret, silent, tranquil state
Where babes are taught but know
not what,
Are clothed and warmed and
washed and fed
Within this Womb Immaculate.

For this I cast all else away
Too poor to see the morrow's need,
Too small to know a fear or care,
In Mary, live and love and pray.

Holy Mother, encompass me
Unite me with thy Babe Divine
Communism uses all this resent-

EDDIES OF 1960

By Eddie Doherty

"Heard a talk on Africa by a Father Luycks, who lived in the Congo and is adapting the liturgy there," the girl wrote. "He said that two years ago Africa was the hope of the Church, but that now the Church is losing its power of interesting the Africans. Moslem conversions are growing. And Pan-ganism and Communism claim more people than either Christianity or Islam. Two years ago Western ideas, were esteemed. Not now. Nationalism has turned the tide. The work of the Church could be completely destroyed because she is "Western". The majority of bishops think we are about ready to fold up and leave."

The letter was from our own Diane Zdunich, who directs the choir in Madonna House and helps teach the young lay apostles to be saints. She was taking a Liturgy course at Notre Dame, in Indiana, and absorbing all sorts of lectures. The letter was read aloud in the dining room and it set me thinking of many things, and many people, including Bishop Sheen, Father Raya, who gave us the Melkite Rite Masses in Combermere, the old Friendship House people, and the old Friendship House ways.

They Loved God and Man

The Madonna House apostolate evolved out of Friendship House, which I met first in New York City's Ahleim. There everybody lived in poverty and chastity and obedience, though nobody took any vows. Everybody lived as the Negroes lived. Many lived with Negro families. Everybody

in the place loved the Negroes, loved the work, loved each other, loved God and Our Lady. And everybody exuded a spirit of great joy. They were so happy they made all Harlem happy. And it was astonishing how the work grew, and how many Negro men, women, and children, asked to come into the Church.

Nobody who had lived those Harlem days could help reliving them as he listened to Diane's letter.

"Eighty years ago", it said, still quoting Fr. Luycks, "the average missionary expected to die in Africa within three years. (Thousands did die there.) These men made their own bricks, cut trees, built houses and hospitals and schools. They ran their hospitals without medicines. In the Congo, where nuns were recently attacked by mutineer soldiers, there is a mission area the size of a small city. It was built by the Sisters, with native help, from 'pennies for the missions'. In Belgian Africa there were 1,500,000 pupils in mission schools. There were 21,225 schools. Until 1943 the government had built no schools whatever. There were more than 6,000,000 Catholics, including 6 native bishops and 2700 priests.

"But within the next five years, it is expected, all of Africa except Algeria, Tanganyika, South and North Rhodesia, and Mozambique, will be nationalized. With the new independence of African nations Christianity is doomed. Schools in Ghana and Nigeria and the Sudan are already under government control. There are about 8,000 white people in these areas, mostly Communists."

She Knew Chicago

Diane was part of Friendship House years ago, one remembered. She lived and worked in Chicago, where there were as many poor Negroes as there were in New York—or almost as many. She had been as zealous in the work as anybody else. She must have suffered, listening to Father Luycks.

"There is among Africans, the priest said," Diane's letter continued, "a growing mistrust of missionaries. He can understand this, he told us, because many missionaries mistrust the Africans, or do not like them. Some of them have become a scandal, he says, because of their big houses, and because of the comparative luxury and ease of their lives. They preach poverty but do not live it. They let the natives live it. And they seem to suffer from superiority complexes. Early missionaries took initiative in all fields, against the will of the people. They had a saying 'The mind of the black is in the elephant's tail.' The elephant's tail was whip, a common weapon in the hands of Belgian officials, but employed at times also by the missionaries.

"In Leopoldville, Father said, some natives asked the priests for work. The missionaries could have answered with kindness, but they did not, for they had got into the habit of regarding these people as without dignity. 'No work', they said. 'Get out of here.' Is it any wonder the natives now hold missionaries in contempt?

Communism uses all this resent-

RESTORATION

Looks At Books

Citadel of Wisdom—by Robert J. O'Connell, S. J. 114 pages. Montfort Publication reviewed by Rejeanne George.

Fr. O'Connell says in his preface: "It is the sincere hope of the author that all who will read the following chapters will grow in wisdom and holiness by following Our Lady's mind and heart as she observes her Son in action and is assimilated in His likeness. To contemplate the mother is to be led inevitably to the Son for she is the flawless follower of Christ who will lead us to Him unerringly."

In that quote one can judge the style and, to a certain extent the contents of the book.

Each of the eight chapters is a meditation based on an event in the hidden life of the Holy Family in Nazareth. Our Lady . . . pondered these things in her heart". The author tries to imagine how she reacted and meditated on these happenings, then draws personal applications for our own lives.

Perhaps both the title and the preface are a little of a disappointment. One would somehow expect more thought content, more depth, a style more vibrant in a book with the beautiful title, "Citadel of Wisdom".

A successful lecture-demonstration series conducted by the Speakers Bureau of the Cleveland Chapter of Kappa Gamma Pi has led to their publication of a book, "Bringing Home the Sacraments," which deals with the importance that should be given the reception of each new sacrament, by proper observance in the home. It strives to show how the Catholic family can observe the reception of sacraments in a way that is at once filled with the dignity of the occasion, the warmth of its grace, and the beauty of its meaning.

"Bringing Home the Sacraments" discusses, for example, the use of the Baptismal Robe at christenings. It explains the symbols that can lend themselves to creating a Christian atmosphere in such details as table settings and gifts for such occasions as First Communion Day, Confirmation Day, Wedding Day, etc. A helpful index lists sources where cards, books, gifts, etc., can be purchased.

This is the second publishing venture for the Kappas. Earlier the Denver Chapter published "Parents Must be Teachers," a companion volume that contains study guides and an extensive bibliography on parent education. Both books cost \$1.50, (four for \$5). They are available from the Cleveland Chapter, Kappa Gamma Pi, 3227 East Fairfax Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

Nothing In Particular

By Jose deVinck

Writing, sometimes may come quite easily, with ideas cropping up like an abundant growth, with sprigs and twigs and leaves shooting out and offering an abundant choice to the writer's mind. At other times the mind is barren, with not a spring in sight, not a blade of grass, not a single thought; and yet this, I think, is the better state.

The natural growth of ideas, like a lush vegetation, may tend to stifle the very life of thought. In a jungle of matter, in an overabundance of earthly offerings, it is hard to silence the loud enticements of a paradise that is not the proper end of man. We are prone to forget that we are called elsewhere, and tend to linger in that which is good, but not good enough; in that which is rich food, but not all-satisfying; in that which satisfies our material nature, but leaves our spirit craving for better fare.

It is far better for the writer and thinker to start from Nothing in particular; to establish no human foundation to his work; to clear his mind by making it a clean slate, an open and receptive lot that await the Designer and Builder. Much more will be given to us if we only keep quiet, and are humble enough to ask from Him who Is and Has, than if we try to take what we think is ours by right.

We are surrounded by God's gifts, but they are His, not ours. If we are so bold as to take them as our due, all we have is their insufficiency. If we humbly receive them from God, they become as stepping stones to the All-Sufficient.

When we begin to think and write, let us be concerned with Nothing in Particular: let us be concerned with All which is God, and our thought and writing will gently be moved to be nothing but a song of praise.

Dear Brother

By Catherine Doherty

Dear Brother, I read and read your letter telling me about having found my book **DEAR SEMINARIAN** . . . and having enjoyed it . . . leading you to meditate as to why no one ever wrote a book to the Brothers . . . the countless humble Brothers who work so quietly and hiddenly in the vast vineyard of the Church.

I asked myself why didn't anyone write about Brothers. And what was the state of mind of modern youth regarding that glorious vocation?

What was there about the vocation to various Orders of Brothers . . . or to the vocation of a Brother of some Order that had more priests than Brothers . . . that had not appealed to the many Catholic writers—who write about all sorts of vocations?

Neither Nor

Many answers occurred to me, but none satisfied me . . . for I could see that approaching the whole question of "BROTHERS" one could have many reactions.

To a young man unversed in the immense diversity and richness of vocations, it might seem that a Brother was neither fish nor fowl . . . he was not a priest . . . nor was he a lay apostle . . . but, in some sort of a way, was something between both . . . incomplete . . . unfinished, as it were. What a wrong impression that would be! Yet many young people have it. Why?

There was a time in the history of the Church, when Brothers were numerous. St. Benedict's Sons had "numberless Brothers". The Trappists still do.

Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits, and Oblates of Mary Immaculate—all in days gone by—had many Brothers in their communities.

Then there were whole orders of Brothers . . . teaching Brothers . . . Nursing Brothers . . . founded by illustrious men and saints.

But now, in our strange day and age, I know only five young men who entered as Brothers—either to teach or to nurse—or to help priests to better fulfill their vocation.

I Will Try

Indeed, Brother, you are right. Someone should write about Brothers. I don't know if I am qualified. But I have written to Bishops. I have written to Seminarians. I have written to Sisters. I don't see why I cannot write to Brothers—write humbly . . . lovingly . . . about LOVING. For all vocations to which God calls man, ARE VOCATIONS TO LOVE.

Since He called me to the unusual vocation of a totally consecrated Lay Apostolate, under vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience . . . or to put it more simply, since he called me too, unworthy as I am, to the vocation TO LOVE, I should be able to talk about "loving Brothers" — or Brothers who burn themselves, fully, in such a hidden and humble way, in loving God and neighbor.

So, if you read "Restoration", dear Brother, I will write to you, and through you to all other Brothers—about the vocation of a Brother as I see it.

It will be a very simple series of letters, dear Brother. Written from the heart . . . with a humble prayer that it may help some young man to embrace this tremendous, holy, and glorious vocation.

One Man's Scrap Is Another Man's Gold

We are starting a little adult education project. Perhaps I shouldn't say "little, perhaps I should say big. We need for it typewriters—typewriters to teach many young people the art of typewriting. So that they might help their parents — and themselves—to better economic opportunities.

Besides the typing lessons, we are going to teach sewing. It doesn't need much imagination to realize the joy that young people in the country—young mothers—mothers to be—the older generation—will get out of knowing how to sew well. And what a saving! So treadle sewing machines would be most welcome.

We are going to hook rugs—for there is great interest in handicrafts around the country—and it is a good interest . . . so any materials you might have that could be used for hooking rugs would be deeply appreciated too.



Journey Inward

By Catherine Doherty

Somewhere . . . sometime . . . someone asked me how I thought about my vocation as a Founderess of the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House . . .

I thought a lot about that question, which I did not answer at once . . . and the more I thought, the more difficult the answer seemed . . . until one day I wrote it out, as I always do—in a poem—when I am unable to answer it directly.

I sent the poem to the person who asked me. But then many others kept repeating that question. So it came to me that perhaps I could publish my answer. Here it is.

I was lying
In the
Sun of His
Love . . .
No . . . I was
Dreaming
Of lying
In the sun
Of His Love
When the voice
Of my Lord came to me
In the whisper
Of leaves
Kissed by
The wind . . .

So I thought
Until I heard
It in the
Gentle lapping
Of waves
On a sandy
Shore . . .

No . . . it was
In the lilting
Song of the brook
No . . . No . . . It
Was here
In the rustle,
The gentle
Musical
Rustle,
Of the
Wheat field.

Oh . . . it was
Here and there
And everywhere
Encompassing me,
Calling me,
Bidding me
To arise
And make haste
To seek Him
Whom my heart
Alone loves . . .

I arose
And listened . . .
Listened
To the whisper
Of the wind
In the leaves . . .
To the song
Of the waves
On the sand
And the waters
Of the brook . . .
And the hidden
Calling
Song
Of the wheatfield . . .
In all . . . I heard
The voice
Of my Lord . . .
The voice of Love.

But none told me
Where to find
Him whom my
Heart alone
Loves . . .

Yet I made all haste
And walked
The streets
Of the walled
City.
Seeking
The watchmen—
Seeking the watchmen
To find
The Way to
My Love . . .

But they knew
It not
For He had sealed
Their eyes
When He passed
Them
And they knew
Him not
And hence
Did not know
Where He went . . .

I stood by the gates
Of the city
And listened
To the call of
The wind
Which was
Stronger and louder
And bade me to leave
City and gates
Behind
And enter
Into the desert
Unwalled
And unsheltered,
That is the world,
Its flesh and
Its pomp . . .

Without
Looking back
I hastened,
I ran,
I flew

Into the
Dark darkness
Before me . . .
For nothing
Mattered
But the voice
Of my love
And my Lord
Calling . . . calling.

I stumbled
And fell
And my face
Was covered
With dust
But I could
Not wait
To pause
And wash
It
In the cool stream
That flowed
At my feet . . .

I could not pause
For the voice of my Lord
Came stronger
And stronger
In the wind
That now
Tore the
Leaves from
The trees
In a mighty
Gust of holy
Impatience . . .

I ran
With the wind,
Fleet and
Light,
Having my
Being in the
Sound of
My Lover's Voice.

Yet I fell again
And lay bruised
And unable to
Move,
Weeping
Bitter tears
At my weakness
And slowness
In answering
The call of my Lord's
Voice . . .

Torn and ugly,
Dusty and bruised
I lay in the desert
Alone,
Unable to move
To arise
And follow
The voice of
My love . . .

Out of the darkness
Came slimy things.
The wind died
And darkness—
Possessed me—
Darkness
And the evils
It spawns
Were upon me

In fear beyond
Telling
I cried out
The Name of my
Love . . .

And the darkness
Become luminous
With His footprints—
His footprints
That have
The same color
As His seal
On my heart.

Like the arrow
Of love
That I was,
I arose
And followed
His footprints
That shone
Like huge
Rubies
In the sun of
His light
That was not there . . .

My heart
Is now a wanderer.
It follows
His footprints
In the souls
Of men . . .
One at a time
Sometimes,
Sometimes
Many—made
In a strange row,
Uneven and seemingly
Without a pattern,
Leading me always hither
And yon,
Making me pause
On one
Until the other appears.
My heart is a wanderer
In search of my
Love
Whose footprints
I follow
In the souls
Of men . . .

There is
No tiredness
In me,
Only a burning
Fire . . . a hunger
A thirst
For a sight
Or a glimpse
Of my Love . . .
But my love is hiding
From me . . . Now
He has given me
Only footprints—
His footprints
That are like rubies
Like His seal
On my heart—
To follow . . .

My heart is a
Wanderer now . . .
A wanderer
In search of
His Love . . .

Yet content
Forever, if my Love
So desires,
To love and adore
His footprints
In the souls
Of men . . .

Yet the voice
Of my Love
Speaks to me
Now and again
In the wind
That rustles
The strange trees
Of the desert
I live in now . . .

Bidding me
To do more
Than love
And adore
His footprints
In the souls
Of men . . .

My Love
Has made me a slave
Of His Love.
My Love
Bids me
To become
The servant
Of souls . . .
My love
Bids me
To labor
Unceasingly,
Always,
At preparing
The souls
Of men
For His Love.

For my Lord
Loves madly
Men's souls . . .
And wants me
To do likewise
Always . . .

My heart
Is a wanderer
Now
Until my Lord,
Until my Love,
Bids it to rest
In Him . . .
When . . . I know
Not . . .

I am to hunger
And thirst
For those
Who do neither
Hunger
Nor thirst . . .

I am a Fire
Of Love,
Lighting,
Making straight
The paths of My Lord
In the souls
Of men.

You who pass by,
Behold
My heart,
Who is
A wanderer
Following the footprints
Of my Lord,
Of my Love,
In the souls
Of men,

And dying
Of love
Yet living!
You who pass by,
Do you know,
Do you see,
The fire of
Love that
Consumes me without
Consuming?
Oh, my heart,
You alone
Know the depth
And the height
Of that fire.

Behold, Behold,
My small heart
From afar!
Enlarge it.
Break it!
Open it.
So that
It grows
Big enough
To contain
The torrents
Of love
I know
You want me
To love
All souls
With . . .

For only through
Them
Shall I
Some day—
When I know
Not—
Be united
To Thee,
Be possessed
By Thee,
My bridegroom,
My Love,
My all.
Yes, my heart
Is a wanderer now
Until you
Bid it
To rest
On Your heart!

**Lady Of
Combermere**

"Oh, Mary! You desire so much to see Jesus loved! Since you love me, this is the favor I ask of you—to obtain for me a great personal love of Jesus Christ. You obtain from your Son whatever you please. Pray then for me—that I may never lose the grace of God . . . that I may increase in holiness and perfection from day to day . . . and that I may faithfully and nobly fulfill the great calling in life which your Divine Son has given me . . ."

This prayer, to which our bishop, the Most Rev. W. J. Smith of Pembroke, has given 100 days indulgence, inspired the following reflections in a priest who recently visited Madonna House.

"The Prayer to Our Lady of Combermere is a very powerful prayer. Its power is in its simplicity. And its simplicity is profound. I love it. I say it daily."

"The phrase 'the great calling in life which your Divine Son has given me' has given me many moments of meditation. Because it is emphasized, I have tried to pigeon-hole what would be the calling God wishes me to fulfill. And eventually I came up with: 'What is it we are all, as individuals, expected to do?' The only answer is: to be saints."

"Is my reasoning too simple? By praying for an increase of love for God, aren't we asking for the only grace, the only way to become one of His saints? Because love for God is the key that opens the door to let self out and God in."

"I still have to read the prayer daily. I have never tried to memorize it lest the praying become automatic. Saying a prayer from memory can be a distraction sometimes. There is the marshaling of concentration."

"I think I get closer to God in the spontaneous lifting of my heart, soul and mind than any other way. Because after awhile, after making love to Him, I can rest in His love for me, say nothing, know everything . . . but with a knowing that is not translatable. It is something that is always with one, independent of time, place or circumstances, as natural as breathing and just as uncultivated. It is within and without."

"The only analogy that comes to mind is the freedom with which one can walk from one room to another without consciously saying: 'I am going from the kitchen to the dining room, or dining room to living-room.' It is a freedom that permits one to wash dishes, answer the phone, frown over an overdue account, balance a bank book, without ever feeling the need to apologize guiltily for attention to mundane details. I can give total attention to mundane details. I can give total attention to the duty of the moment without taking the eyes of my soul from His Majestic Beauty."

"Those who would like a copy of the Prayer to Our Lady of Combermere may have one by simply writing to RESTORATION, Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada.

**Two Months
In Heaven**

You've never been to heaven
have you? Well I have. I spent
two months there. You don't
believe me?—I won't argue.

I came to Marian Centre in Edmonton, just one step away from being a juvenile delinquent. A sixteen year-old school kid engaged to a man in his late thirties. I was in deep trouble, and for the first time in two years I turned to the Church, not to God, but to a priest. He sent me to Marian Centre not to reform me but because I had to leave my home town.

I arrived at six o'clock on a Thursday morning, a young kid flashing a diamond and a high and mighty spirit of defiance. I was so sure I was right.

I was met at the door by a staff worker, and after taking a bath I joined the staff for breakfast. For the first time in two years I thanked God for the food He had given me even when I ignored Him. For the first time I saw a family, yes a real family; a family united in their love of each other and in their love of God.

A Loving Heart
For two months I was a part of this family, never understanding it, but loving each member with all my heart.

Dot Phillips, an ordinary woman who has been hurt many times, but only said "Lord let me

carry Thy Cross"! A woman as full of understanding as a human can be! Always comforting, always loving, always giving, with Our Lady as her idol and Mary as her friend.

Paul, a man who is truly a child of God. A man with a heart of gold and a faith as firm as the Rock.

Jack, fun-loving, friendly Jack. Always ready to cheer, to console and to encourage. Never tired of helping others, never lacking in his love for God.

Mary Beth, who washed my clothes and cleaned my soul. Mary Beth who got up at one o'clock to wipe the tears from my eyes, when my faith was so weak that I couldn't trust God.

Jan. Quiet and unobtrusive, with a love no human can comprehend. Jan who has given her life to Mary and who would give her last crust to a thief or a murderer. She gave me the strength to face each day when it didn't seem worth facing.

Dick never spoke about his faith. He just lived it. His every action was a profession of his faith.

Bill, humble beyond compare, a man who could wrestle with an ox but instead pours tea and spends his life anticipating the needs of others.

And the Priests

I didn't see much of Thurston, because he spent most of his time at the Information Centre. I didn't have to see much of him to find out what he was made of. He was maid of faith, if that is possible. He was made of love. Not the expression kind of love but deep interior love. Only by looking deep into his eyes could you see it glowing like a bright light in a world of darkness.

The priests! Never would I have believed that men could live as close to God as they did. Never for one single moment could you lose sight of God when they were near, never could you doubt His love.

Priests who stayed up till the early hours of the morning carrying out the work that God had chosen them to do. Priests who never thought of themselves, but who made themselves available to those who needed them. Priests who showed me that there was something in this world to live for.

In this house I found order in a confused and chaotic world. I found a faith so great that it is indescribable. I found the kind of love I didn't know existed. I found a spirit of forgiveness that I thought only God possessed. I found people, ordinary people, who, contrary to my belief, could live together in the closest knit family imaginable.

I left Sally to the last because I can only think of one word to describe her "TERRIFIC"! She brought laughter into my life. No one could be gloomy when she was around.

In the measurement of time I spent two months at Marian Centre. But in spirit I shall spend the rest of my life in this family.

You may not believe that I visited heaven, I know that I did. And I know that I carry a little bit of it with me in my heart.

COMBERMERE DIARY

We had our annual retreat this year, given by Father Callahan, concluding on August 15; and six Staff Worker Applicants took their promises of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience and became Staff Workers while nine Staff Workers renewed their promises, and Kathleen O'Hearn took final promises for life.

We have been especially proud of the beauty of our gardens this year which gives evidence of the "green thumbs" of Mary Davis and Sandra Wood. The flower gardens have been very beautiful, and as a result, our altars and altar decorations also have been most beautiful and artistic.

We are deeply grieved to learn of the death of one of our good friends who was here with us on June 8 for the blessing of the statue of Our Lady of Combermere. Mrs. Margaret Phillips, the sister of Jack Clarke, was killed in an automobile accident during July. May Our Lady of Combermere watch over her!

Someone called our attention to the fact that since the statue of Our Lady was blessed, we have been host to more than 60 priests.

We also note with joy that the talented artist, Miss Frances Rich, who created the statue of Our Lady of Combermere had an opportunity to see it in person. We are sure that Our Lady of Combermere will bless her and continue to inspire her.

A Loving Heart
For two months I was a part of this family, never understanding it, but loving each member with all my heart.

Dot Phillips, an ordinary woman who has been hurt many times, but only said "Lord let me

Fathers Callahan and Briere attended in Montreal the consecration of Bishop Power, the new bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

It was nice to welcome so many Sisters from different religious orders this summer, both for summer school and as visitors; Sisters from Victory Noll, the Benedictines, Sisters of Mercy, Grey Nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of the Holy Cross, Sisters of the Assumption, Sisters of the Holy Name, etc.

Phil Knight of the Madonna House staff has been appointed to the new hostel in the Yukon.

Father Briere and a group of the staff attended the Liturgical Conference in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We were also happy to welcome Clementine Larcher's mother and brother; and Joyce Thomasmeyer's parents.

All of us in Combermere especially enjoyed the article on Eddie entitled, "The Amazing Mr. Dee", which was written by Larry Kickham in the August issue of Extension magazine.

Four of the men's staff attended the Diocesan Holy Name rally held at the Shrine of St. Anne at Cormac, Ontario.

Mary Ann Gilmore and Mary Jean Beaudoin of the Staff conducted a summer school of catechetics in the neighboring parish of Maynooth, Ontario.

On the feast of Our Lady of the Snows we had a nice little ceremony in the yard to bless the Volkswagen that was obtained for the Rural Apostolate team. They decided to name it St. Joseph.

Our farm department is deeply beholden to Mr. Jack MacRae of Kemptonville who works with the Provincial Agriculture Department. His continued advice and genuine interest has been most helpful to our farm program.

In spite of the cool and rainy summer, we are praying that the harvest will be bountiful and the Lord may provide for all of our and your needs.

Share This Wealth

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Marie House, Portland, Ore.—"I feel there is really no need for me to speak to you about the Church's teaching on Race. Your very presence here exemplifies it so beautifully . . ." These were the opening words of a talk given at the Young Christian Workers' West Coast Convention held at Mt. Angel Abbey.

It was a thrilling sight to look over the hundred-odd young working people gathered there. One saw Americans of different racial and national backgrounds . . . Negroes, Mexicans, Orientals, blonds and brunettes. The variety was wonderful. But even more wonderful was the spirit. These were Young Christian Workers with high ideals of bringing Christ into their work-a-day lives — to all their fellow workers. A tremendous idealism and enthusiasm coupled with the desire to do something constructive to better the world in which we live. Eager to know the Church's viewpoint and teachings so as to

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

bered and jeered. He was querulous, scurrious, squirrelous. (Lord lift me from the quicksands of this silly mood that interrupts my song of the woods' siesta . . . but not until I ask "Why does a crow roost and a rooster crow?")

Lord, everybody besieges You all day and all night, asking for favors, begging for mercy, praising You, blessing You, adoring You. I too. No one needs mercy more than I. No one so needs all the graces You offer. But once in a while I have to tell You a joke, or make some idiotic wise crack, hoping You will laugh. I love to make happy those I love. I think people can be happy if they laugh. I know You have a sense of humor, for You created it. I imagine You would laugh at us most of the time, if You were not so sorry for us, and so concerned about us. And if I feed You only the poorest corn when I dare jest with You, it is because corn is all I have. You did not spurn the widow's mite. You will not scorn my corn.

Red Strawberry Leaves

A black and white butterfly made me forget the intolerant squirrel and the too tolerant crow. And a display of goldenrod made me forget the butterfly. As I started to the goldenrod, I saw an exciting shade of red, low down beneath a blackberry vine. I thought it was a mushroom, but it was a strawberry leaf. Lord, how often, how extremely often, Your strawberry leaves fool me in my hunt for mushrooms! Yet I am not vexed at this. Suppose I had not seen the lovely colors of those leaves! Suppose You had not blessed me with these eyes!

I picked the strawberry plant, and studied it, standing a long time, a feast for deer-flies and mosquitoes. I considered, for a moment, the idea of gathering all the bright strawberry banners around and about me, and making them into a garland for Our Lady of Combermere . . . "What shall we call thee, O Full of Grace? A Heaven, for thou hast given rise to the Sun of Justice? A Paradise, for thou hast brought forth the Flower of Immortality? A Virgin, for thou hast remained undefiled? A Mother, a pure Mother, holding in her holy arms a Son who is the God of all . . . Source of mercy and Mother of God . . . the ever-blessed, the entirely spotless, more honorable than the Cherubim, and infinitely more glorious than the Seraphim: we exalt thee . . . verily the Mother of God!"

Thanks for Fr. Raya!

Lord, the flavor and the fragrance of the Melkite liturgy clings to me still, like the royal aroma of the resin in Your pine cones. Thank You for sending Your Melkite priest, Father Raya, to us; and for giving us the Mass in English!

You sang to me, God, as I held that three-leaved strawberry glory in my fingers. I do not know the words, if You used words. But it was about the tints and the mysteries in that trinity of leaves and the same tints and the mysteries in Your red-gold sunsets and Your gold-red dawns. And there was something about other trinities.

There is a trinity of root and wood and bark, a trinity of plant and blossom and seed, a trinity of shape and smell and color, a trinity of soil and sun and rain. There is a trinity of faith and hope and love in my heart, and in my mind a trinity of intelligence and memory and free will. Lord, swell my heart so it may contain enough love to spill out on all the world. What my intelligence so it may always know Your will. Strength en my will so it may always do Your will and never mine alone. And build my memory so it may not forget You even for a second.

I listened in love and adoration while You sang; but the blue eyes of a wild aster brought me back to my song of the siesta—and the knowledge that impatient Autumn is knocking on the door of Summer. And I saw the goldenrod again, a fresh clean spray. Beautiful beyond compare! And full of ants! Lord, is it possible the insects believe this is real gold? How human can ants be?

A Siesta Just for Me

Autumn is rushing up, the Autumn of the long day You have given me; and soon or late my own siesta time will overtake me. Lord, keep me working, like the brook, until that hour. Keep me singing of Your mercy and Your love. Keep me cheerful. And when I close my eyes at last, no more to dream, let the world be filled with Your glory, and with the radiance and the wonder and the perfume of Your mother . . . "the all holy, the immaculate, the most highly blessed, Our glorious Lady" . . . Our Lady of Combermere.

Remember not the shadows of my sinful life. Let there be no shadows when You come. And, if You draw me to You, God, ab-

sorb me, hold me, bless me, and let my songs, the murmur of a pitiful thin brook, fall gently down, like rain, into dry and shrivelled hearts, into parched and thirsty minds, into wasted and barren souls; that they may be refreshed, that they may laugh and love, that they may bear You fruit.

Lord, this is my song of the woods' siesta—and of mine. I love You. But I love You little. Let me love You more, and more, and more! Forevermore your Eddie.

More Lay Missionaries To Work In Yukon

Lay apostles of Madonna House will blaze a missionary trail into the Far North for the second time in six years when they open, on September 15th, a large residential hostel for Catholic Indian students at Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory. This will be known as Our Lady of Whitehorse.

The new hostel is a further implementation of the mandate given Madonna House in 1954 by His Excellency, the Most Rev. J. L. Coudert, O.M.I., when Maryhouse was founded at Whitehorse to assist the Oblate Missionaries in their work with the Indians.

Built by the Canadian Government at a cost of more than half a million dollars, Our Lady of Whitehorse Hostel will accommodate one hundred students, in Grades 7 to 12. Father Eugene Cullinane, a Madonna House priest, has been named principal. Ten Madonna House staff workers have already joined him to prepare for the opening of the building, and the first intake of students, on the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Situated about two miles from central Whitehorse on the outskirts of the new residential area of Riverdale, the hostel property lies close to the Yukon River in a beautiful setting of rugged mountains. The vast and little-explored Yukon "bush" or forest touches the spacious hostel playing field on three sides. Across the newly constructed Nisutlin Drive is a similar hostel for Protestant Indian students. Both buildings are already a tourist attraction and the talk of the North because of the brilliant and flaming colours used for exterior decoration.

Next door to Our Lady of Whitehorse Hostel a new Catholic high school is under construction where students of Grades 8, 9 and 10 will be enrolled. The Catholic student population of the North does not yet warrant Separate School facilities for grades 11 and 12. Catholic students in these grades attend Whitehorse High School.

Young Indians of the Yukon are desperately in need of an institution such as Our Lady of Whitehorse Hostel, which will be for them in their formative and critical adolescent years "a home away from home." As human beings, they have to face and live through all the emotional problems that beset any teen-ager anywhere. In addition, because they are of the twentieth century, they have to cope with all the insecurities and fears of the disordered and chaotic world in which we live.

But the greatest challenge of all is that their ancestors had almost no contact with white civilization until the construction of the Alaska Highway in 1942. To step almost overnight from a primitive culture resembling that of the Stone Age into the Atomic Age of the White Man is an emotional shock of such violence as to shatter for centuries the basis and structure of human personality.

The pathetic plight of most American and Canadian Indians is a living proof that this emotional adjustment has yet rarely been made.

The staff workers of Madonna House are in the Yukon to help the Oblate Missionaries face this challenge.

Of All Places — Hollywood

The Blessed Oliver Plunkett Crusade of America announces that it has opened new headquarters in Hollywood, California, but those wishing to join the crusade or obtain literature, relic cards, or blessed medals, should write to the Publicity Director, Box 253, Brookline 46, Massachusetts, and send stamped self-addressed envelope. Blessed Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland in the 17th century, was hanged, beheaded, and quartered at Tyburn, England. He has been called the "last of the Irish martyrs. He was beatified in 1920.

The Yukon Prays

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—A few minutes ago I was sitting in the truck out in front of Maryhouse. I started the engine and let it warm up while the wiper cleaned the raindrops and dust off the windshield. I was on my way to the post office to mail some letters before retiring. I heard the sound of a plane motor and noticed the red lights flickering on and off in the air. It was the CPA, our daily plane from Edmonton and Vancouver arriving and about to land. My eyes followed it along the bluff just above Maryhouse. One minute I could see the tail, next minute I caught a glimpse of the tail and wings and then the monster hit the runway and was out of sight. The Canadian Pacific Airlines had made another safe flight over the mountains to the

tail. As I drove down the street, I was thinking of the many wonders of the Yukon. The aeroplane is certainly one of them. Every morning as Mass ends in our chapel, we hear the CPA take off on another flight to the "Outside". I always make it a point to say a little prayer that the passengers will have a safe trip. We hear it coming in again at night, unless it is late and we have already retired. Once again it is an occasion for a silent prayer of thanksgiving for a safe landing. It is such a marvelous thing to think of boarding a plane in Edmonton or Vancouver, and not too many hours later landing in Whitehorse. You appreciate it more if you have travelled up the Alaskan Highway by bus or car and realize just how many miles you have covered in such a short time.

The Big Retreat

Yes, the plane is one wonder of the north, but there are so many others. Take our Annual Staff Retreat preached by our chaplain Fr. Gene, last week. There is no retreat house in Whitehorse, yet we needed a quiet place in which to be recollected and away from the noise and distractions of Maryhouse. So, there was the CYO cabin at Marylake, fifteen miles from town, an ideal place. After Mass each morning, Fr. Gene and five staff workers left for Marylake. Terry Richaud had made her retreat earlier in the year so she took care of Maryhouse during our absence. We spent three wonderful days at Marylake and hope we will be better staff workers after making this retreat.

The CYO cabin is serving another purpose for Maryhouse this week. It is necessary for the staff to get some kind of vacation each year, yet it is very expensive to go "Outside" for that holiday. Sean O'Callahan, one of our staff, is spending this week at the cabin. I'm sure he is having the rest he needs. He will have lots of time to explore the woods and hills, to read, to do a little fixing around the cabin if the spirit moves him. I know he will come back refreshed. Isn't it wonderful to have such an ideal spot for a retreat or a holiday?

This is the time of the year when the salmon run in the Yukon. Everyone dreams of either going fishing or getting some fish somewhere. The Indians leave their homes in town and move out to the rivers where they can get a supply of fish. To preserve them for the winter, they dry or smoke them. The White man usually freezes them, but sometimes he has them cured too.

Please Pass the Fish

Each year Fr. Tanguay of Carmacks gets a supply of this "king of fish" for Maryhouse. He takes a special pride in washing them in salt water, drying them, and carefully wrapping them in wax paper ready for the deep freeze. So, next Friday three of the staff workers will have the pleasure of driving to Carmacks, spending the night with Father, and going to the Indian camps the next morning where they will see hundreds of pounds of nice fresh salmon and bring some of it home. You should see those wonderful fish; they may weigh five pounds or they may weigh fifty pounds each.

I was talking to His Excellency, Bishop Coudert, this afternoon. Among other things he mentioned the International Eucharistic Congress in Munich and said he was happy to have two representatives from this vicariate attending the Congress—Amy Ninmitz, a nurse from the Whitehorse General Hospital, who is holidaying with her family in Austria, and Jackie Weitz, a teacher from Lower Post Indian Residential School who is visiting in Europe with her parents. Isn't it wonderful that this district vicariate should have two members present to honour Our Eucharistic King and to pray for the intentions of all the members of this missionary country?

Yesterday, Doreen and Terry were running temperatures and didn't feel so well. In the afternoon I phoned Dr. Buchan's office to see if I could make an appointment for them. His receptionist said he had a very full schedule for the afternoon but she would ask him when he came in. Several hours later she phoned. Yes, Dr. Buchan would see them at 6:30 p.m. So, they went and returned at 8 p.m. They had seen the doctor, there was nothing serious wrong.

Terry said, "Imagine, the doctor is still working. He has certainly had a long day and there were still some patients to see him."

Dr. Buchan is always that way, so very kind, so patient, so thorough, so dedicated. Many a time in the past two years of his practice in Whitehorse has he shown the same charity toward Maryhouse! Never has he asked for any remuneration for his professional services. It is wonderful to have people like Dr. Buchan.

I could go on and on, listing wonderful things that happen every day. God is always so very good to us. In our own clumsy way we try to thank Him daily, at Mass. And we also pray for our benefactors who do such wonderful things for us.

The Glad Tidings!

This is a story written by three Staff Workers of the Madonna House apostolate, all of whom are teaching catechism to children in three different parts of the world. Each of the writers attended a series of lectures on "The Art of Teaching Christian Doctrine", given by Father Johannes Hofinger, S.J., at Marylhurst College, in Portland, Oregon. It took a trio to give some slight idea of the enthusiasm of his audience. The first story is by Miss Catherine Maynard, local director of La Casa de Nuestra Senora, in Winslow, Ariz.

By Catherine Maynard

It was a summer of summers, and hotter than blazes. We were all busy little beavers with daily catechism classes, and the preparations this involved . . . At the end of June two staff workers from Texas, Joe Walker and Marilyn Williamson picked up two staff workers in Winslow, Marite Langlois and Mike Lopez, and a friend of ours named Stella. These five travelled by car to Portland. Theresa Davis and I came from the directors' meeting in Combermere, travelling across Canada and down the Pacific coast from Vancouver. Mary Ann Gilmore, and Fr. Paul Bechard travelled the same route. And Mary Ruth came down from the Yukon. And then, of course, there were also the regular staffers of Stella Maris House attending the lectures.

By Theresa Davis:

Joy! Joy! Joy! The joy of Christ's message needs revealing. And for two weeks Fr. Hofinger revealed the fullness of that message and the greatness of that joy to 300 Sisters and more than 50 lay people. This approach to catechetics, as taught by Father, is so revolutionary it will change the life of every child who receives it and every catechist who gives it.

Fr. Hofinger takes us back to Christ's method of teaching, a method which is not abstract but concrete. We are but mouthpieces of Christ, and must use Him as the final authority. Father uses Love, rather than an insistence on memorizing questions and answers: Love integrated with modern child psychology, as outlined in the Khergymatic Catechism compiled by Sister Maria della Cruz.

This catechism fills young hearts with joy and brings them to a closer union with God—and with each other. The "Glad Tidings" given man by God, should make glad all those who hear them. I wish you could see the effects of this method on any group of children—Spanish-speaking children in Texas or Arizona for instance.

God Made All Things

When they stand in a circle and begin to learn that:

"God made the world,
And God made the sky,
And the fishes that swim
And the birds that fly"—

When they do this, they make gestures with both hands, showing how round the world is, how big and high the sky, the way fishes swim, and the way birds fly. It is not only a catechism lesson, it is also a game; and all the little boys and girls are playing it together. Sometimes this happens in communities where each child has been deadly afraid of all the other, where nobody every played with friends, where nobody ever had any friends, where everybody felt unwanted, scorned, debased, unwelcome anywhere. Now they hear about God

and the wonderful news that God loves them and wants them to love Him and each other! They hear it from people who believe it, people who are so happy and so thrilled with the news that they have to sing, and make everybody around them sing.

The results are miraculous, simply miraculous.

By Mary Ann Gilmore

"Teach them to love God and to pray to Him with all their hearts." This is how a holy priest once answered the oft repeated question, "how do you teach Catechism to the children?" With these words in mind, Mary Jean Beaudoin and I undertook a two week summer school of teaching catechism in a nearby village.

Our good pastor Father L. Casartelli put up with our housekeeping in the rectory for two weeks. The housekeeper was on holidays. The toast was not burned too often and the soup not boiled away every day. In between the burning of the toast and the boiling of the soup, during the afternoons and evenings, we visited Catholic families in the parish. It was wonderful to see the faith that exists in so many of these families. Farm families, where the love of parents for children and children for parents is so evident! Families where the faith, which is reviewed in the Summer School, is first taught in the crib.

In this small farming community we were very surprised and pleased when sixty eight children turned up for the lessons. Many were brought in daily by their parents from four, five, six, seven miles away. Other children walked one or two miles. The rest strolled over to the parish hall from the village.

Little Heretics

Luckily we had both the hall and the school to teach in. This allowed us to divide the group into "little ones" and "big ones". The biggest heresies we came up with during the two weeks were, "Adam and Eve lived in an Apple Orchard", and "Nicodemus was an Orangeman." We decided this was a pretty good percentage of errors, as even the theologians are subject to mistakes.

Our culminating at the end of the two weeks was a simple recited Mass, with ten little ones receiving Christ for the first time, while the older children strengthened their union with Him through the Sacred Banquet. We wondered, as we watched the children receive their Savior, "did we allow Christ to teach them through us, poor instruments as we were? Did we aid Him in bringing them closer to His heavenly Father? Did we show them the love the Father has for them? Did our example lead them to respond to His love with their own love?"

Perhaps every catechist examines his conscience so at the end of the lessons. We can only pray that God will accept our efforts and fill in what is wanting. For we can be the instruments, but Christ must be the teacher.

Progress**In Arizona**

By Catherine Maynard

La Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona—The house so many of you have helped to build has finally come to life. You've read about our plans and our dreams for three years now . . . Finally this spring, part of those plans materialized.

On Ash Wednesday a decision, "to borrow the money and start to build," was made. Within weeks, the foundation was poured. An Indian man and one helper, put up all the adobe walls. A local contractor put on the roof, the windows, doors, and the inside finishing of the walls. The painting, and floor finishing we did ourselves, little by little.

Dust? Who Cares?

On May 17, we celebrated our third anniversary in Winslow. The Texas staff and Father Tom Rowland surprised us by arriving the night before to help us to celebrate. The house was only partly finished, but the walls were up and the roof was on, so we decided to have the house blessed on THAT PARTICULAR DAY. About thirty people had gathered, WITH US, FOR THEM ! ! !

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men (and their families) who had worked so hard and so generously on the building. The dust blew in all over the buffet supper . . . but nothing could spoil our joy and enthusiasm . . . the building was finally showing signs of completion.

Slowly the rest was done. Volunteer help put in all the plumbing and electrical fixtures. Only God can really count and repay for the time and energy that has been so generously poured into this building by many wonderful Winslow friends.

There's no denying, however, that the finishing of the inside and other details around the yard sometimes take longer than the actual work of construction. We are still working on that.

Dust? We Care a Lot!

Three rooms were painted, and prepared for use before the summer school crew arrived at the beginning of July. The floors are still uncovered, the bathroom is not yet finished, but they were livable rooms, and four girls spent many pleasant evenings there. It was used as a girls dormitory and office.

Our property is on the edge of town, surrounded on three sides by the